

Liesl and the Terrible Krampus Christmas: Part II

By Yu May

As Krampus delivered her deeper into the woods, and the cheerful Christmas lights of her hometown faded out of sight, Liesl thought about all the naughty things she had done for the past year. I'm sure you know that Liesl should have said her prayers, and asked God to forgive her, but Liesl forgot to do that. She was only a little bit sorry for being naughty because now she knew that Krampus was real, which meant his bundles of birch switches were probably real too. But bouncing around in a barrel on her way to Krampus' house, where she might be trapped for an entire year getting spanked day and night, was making it difficult for Liesl to concentrate on moral questions.

When the lid of the barrel finally opened, Liesl found herself in a dusty but well-ordered little room. It had a small bed and furniture, like a shack, but a workbench and tools, like her Vater's woodshed back home. Everything a professional carpenter and child-spanking goat demon might need.

As she saw Krampus light a fire to warm and illuminate the room, Liesl started to sob uncontrollably. Still tightly wound in a blanket, she managed to clasp her hands together and beg. "Please, Mr. Krampus, I don't care if my parents spank me. Just let me go home, I beg you!"

Krampus chuckled as he removed her from the barrel. "Don't worry, Liesl. You're not the first naughty child I've taken to my shack, and you won't be the last. How I love my job! Now, first thing is first. Help me trim and soak a few of these switches. I have to keep a steady supply ready with so many naughty children around the world."

Still bundled in her blanket, Liesl's crocodile tears evaporated in a hot fury. "You expect me to help you, you old goat! I don't have to do anything you tell me to do! You're not my Vater!"

Krampus' lips curled into a smile that replaced Liesl's boiling rage with a frozen chill. "Oh? Well, then I suppose we can skip the preparations and get right to my favorite part!" With that, Krampus snatched up Liesl and bent her across his hairy knee as he rested on the little cot, snatched up one of the famous birch bundles, tied tightly together with pretty red ribbon, and began to deliver her first spanking of the night.

Liesl was terrified, and bit, kicked, and squirmed like she always did when it was time for a spanking, but Krampus was just as strong as her Vater and the blanket helped hold her firmly in place.

"I love it when children disobey!" chuckled Krampus!

Breathing hard, and feeling a slight sting under her nightdress, Liesl turned to look at Krampus quizzically. "What do you mean?"

"Because my magic lets me spank disobedient children! Why, sometimes when I catch a disobedient child, they go on being disobedient all year, and I get to carry on spanking them from Christmas to next Christmas Eve!" With that, he pulled aside the blanket and continued the birching over her night dress.

Fortunately, Krampus didn't spank with all his might right away. Liesl had time to think and form a plan as she felt the birches peppering her. "If his magic only lets him spank disobedient children, maybe I can break his magic if I'm obedient!"

Her resolve was tested when Krampus flipped up her nightgown to reveal her knickerbockers, and carried on with the birching. Liesl tried very hard to lay still, and as the birches bounced off her knickers one final time, she cried out, "I'm ready to obey! I'll help you prepare the switches!"

Krampus spoke with pretend disappointment. "Aw! You think it is that easy? Being obedient means you have to accept the spanking that's coming to you. If I decide to spank you, you have to obey. You missed your chance to help me prepare the switches. I don't owe you another such opportunity!"

Liesl swallowed, but kept talking. "If you decide to keep spanking me, then I will obey. But don't you have lots of children to spank on Christmas Eve? Surely you need all the help you can get!"

Krampus laughed, and delivered ten more strokes with the birches. "Clever girl! But there aren't many children who are as naughty as you! Sometimes, there are whole villages with only good little children. Plus, I have all year to spank them before Christmas Eve comes again! However... I suppose I could use some help preparing the next batch of birches!" Krampus paused after delivering the tenth spank. Liesl felt a warm tingling underneath her knickers that contrasted with the cool air of the shack, but the birches didn't hurt as much as a hand spanking from Mutter or Vater.

Krampus gave Liesl a knife and showed her how to whittle twigs off the branches. Then they soaked them in salty brine water.

Krampus pulled the first one that Liesl had finished earlier out of its jug as she worked on a new batch. "This makes the wood hard and sturdy, so that they won't break across naughty bottoms so easily. Here, I'll show you. Turn around and assume the position!"

Liesl pouted, and thought of running away, but knowing she had to obey to have any hope of breaking free of Krampus' magic, she irately spun around and put her hands on her knees. The singular switch whipped across her, causing her to kick up one foot and rub it against the back of her other leg reflexively, but she maintained balance.

The second flick of the switch sank into Liesl's knickerbockers, catching the fabric and leaving a hole the size of a pin prick. Liesl wondered if she had missed a splinter during the whittling. Noticing how it caught, Krampus tugged Liesl's knickerbockers down just below her cheeks using a single claw, and tucked them tightly between her legs so they were held in place. "You might think that thirty switches are thirty times worse than one switch. But one switch whips more easily. There are so many ways to punish the naughty children of the world, I'll never run out, even if I spank you all year!" The third stroke of the switch traced a long, red line straight across Liesl's bottom, raising a welt. Liesl rocked back and forth on the balls of her feet, clenching her teeth to bite back a scream, then straightened her legs to resume the position.

"Drat! You're being too obedient! Ah well, I suppose I can show you how to tie a bundle together properly. You may pull your knickers back up."

Whistling in relief, Liesl spun around and felt the warmth of the fire against her backside before she slid her knickers back into place and let her nightgown fall back down. Tying the bundle of switches together took a few tries, and nimble fingers. After Liesl got the first one, it occurred to her that she could delay another spanking by "struggling" to tie another bundle. After watching her fumble with the second bundle a few times, Krampus chuckled. "Odd, you had little trouble with the first one. Why should the second one be any harder? I think I'll have to teach you a few tricks I've learned. Watch closely!" With that, he snatched away the bundle, and pressing it tightly with one hand, wound the red ribbon around it and tied it off. Then he snatched up Liesl and put her across his lap again so that her face was lit by the fire. This time, he bared Liesl's bottom right away, and as she bucked, she felt the frozen air of the cabin chilling her bottom before a spanking from the bundle started to heat it up.

After ten strokes, Krampus set a pile of switches in front of Liesl's face, and placed a loose ribbon on top. "Now, tie it just like I showed you!" As Liesl reached for the switches, she felt another flurry of spanks from the bundle Krampus had tied just for her.

"I can't tie it!" gasped Liesl.

"Yes you can, Fraulein Liesl. You did it once, you can do it again!"

"But...Owch! Okay! Stop spanking me and I'll tie it!"

Krampus slowed the pace of the spansks, but increased the force. Unlike the single birch switch, they didn't sink deep and raise welts, but their rough, scratchy bark covered so much more of her bottom! "It's my job to spank you. I don't have to stop, and I don't want to stop. Slow obedience is disobedience, Fraulein Liesl! You thought you were so clever, dawdling like that! You think I haven't seen a hundred little children pull that same trick?"

Frantically, Liesl reached down and picked up the switches, trying to remember how she did this when she was right-side-up so she could do it again while upside-down. She almost had the ribbon tied taut when a hard spank made her yelp and drop the bundle. Fighting back tears, she scrambled to pick up the sticks. This time, she held the bundle tight and waited until she felt a hard blow, then finished wrapping the bundle in a rush. "Here! I got it, Herr Krampus!"

Krampus snatched the bundle and inspected it, landing another spank for good measure. "Shoddy work. The ribbon must be tight enough to hold them together for long, hard use. Do it again, Fraulein!" With that, he undid the loose ribbon and laid the pile in front of a defeated looking Liesl, before a spank encouraged her to not give up!

Liesl blocked out the spanking as best she could for her second attempt. She felt about fifteen blows before losing count, and concentrated on tying a perfect bundle. The spansks still hurt, but concentrating on her task helped her fight back tears and whininess. Triumphantly, she held up the bundle for inspection, and awaited judgment.

Krampus set down his own bundle to inspect Liesl's. "This looks suitable, but there's only one way to be sure!" He landed five of his hardest spansks in quick succession with Liesl's bundle. It held firm. "Very good! I can use this all year round! Well, now that you're doing such a good job paying attention and being good during a spanking, I'll have to try something else! Oh, how I hope you disobey again! It's almost Christmas, you know! If you can be disobedient just a little longer, I'll get to spank you all Christmas Day long! What a fine present that would be for me! Don't bother pulling up your knickers this time! Fetch me three clothespins from that clothesline."

Liesl paused as she was in the act of pulling up her knickerbockers. Spotting the clothespins, she reached up on her tiptoes and pinched the first to pull it down. As she approached Krampus, she felt her knickers slide down, first catching around her knees, and finally plopping down around her ankles as she stood before him. A little confused, she offered the three clothespins to Krampus, cradling them in two trembling hands.

Krampus took the three clothespins. With the first, he pinned the back of Liesl's nightgown up, attaching it to the nape of the dress' neck, revealing Liesl's bare bottom, covered with soft red lines that resembled the fire in the hearth. Liesl covered her front instinctively, and was relieved to discover her nightgown still preserved some of her modesty. "Stand straight, and hold very still, Fraulein! I'm going to give you two painful reminders why you are here. If you bend over or squirm, it will be much worse for you. Oh! How I hope you struggle!"

Liesl stood at attention, like a soldier in one of her story books. Krampus reached behind her, holding a clothespin in each hand. "This is for dishonoring your mother!" With that, he pinched the clothes pin onto her left cheek. She hopped a bit in surprise as it pinched into place. "And this is for dishonoring your father!" The second clothespin bit into her right cheek. Liesl wailed and threw her hands behind her back to brush off the pins. One popped off on its own as she bent over, the second fell neatly into her hand!

"Ah! You're just as disobedient as I had hoped!" Krampus scooped her up and put her over his shoulder, delivering sturdy slaps across her bottom as he approached the clothesline. He paused to collect a few more clothespins, before reaching behind his back to show them to Liesl. "Hold on to these for me. Grip them tightly." He paused only long enough for Liesl to grasp them before continuing to spank her over his shoulder. When she dropped a couple, he spanked her again before picking them up and repeating his instructions. This time, Liesl held them for dear life. After a few rounds of spanking and collecting pins, Liesl had about thirty clothespins gripped in her hands.

Krampus growled grumpily as he set her down and resumed his earlier lecture. "Now you're trying to be a good girl! That's good for you, but bad for me! Now, what I want you to do is hold just these two clothespins. But what I really, really want is for you to disobey and squirm again so I can spank you 'til midnight and 'til morning!"

Handing Krampus the rest of the pins, Liesl clutched two, one in each hand.

Krampus scowled. "But if you want to be an obedient, good girl, repeat after me. 'I am here because I dishonored my mother.'"

When Liesl repeated the words, Krampus sneered. "Now, pinch the first clothespin to your bottom by your own hand! If you stand up straight and still, it will stay in place. If you squirm, it will pop off again."

Liesl pressed her lips together, hiding a moan. She used her right hand to pinch the clothespin to her own bottom. She felt her plump bottom cheek slip out of the grip, like it was aware of what was about to happen and was trying to escape. Finally, the clothespin pinched firmly in place and held. Liesl rocked back and forth, feeling her bottom trying to pull free from the pin, and held as still as possible, realizing her predicament.

After Krampus pronounced her next set of instructions, she repeated, "I am here because I dishonored my father," and pinched the second clothespin to her left cheek. With every small twist of her legs, and clench of her bottom, she felt the pins strain dangerously.

Krampus inspected her work. "Now, I will continue where I left off. Those are the two main reasons you are spending Christmas Eve in my home. If you were a good girl who honored her mother and father, my magic could have no power over you. But now that you are in my power, I have so many other little things to punish you for!" With that, he quickly began placing the rest of the clothespins across Liesl's bottom and thighs. She wanted to bend over, but she prayed for strength and stood at attention. "This is for throwing snowballs at Pastor Luthor's poor cat! This is for vandalizing your cousins' snowmen. This is for stealing sweets from Frau Hilde at school! This is for being rude to your elders! This is for not doing your chores! This is for rolling your eyes and using a tone when you talk to your family! This is for not listening in church! This is for pulling pranks on your Aunt Gertrude!" To Liesl's discomfort, Krampus quickly listed off over thirty of her recent sins, and by the end, her entire bottom and thighs were covered in pins. "Now, march over to the corner, and stand there while I put away my wonderful Christmas presents!"

Liesl found it hard to obey. With her knickers around her feet, she had to waddle forward stiffly like a penguin. However, with the clothespins at risk of breaking free at any moment, she had to move slowly and carefully anyway. Liesl felt her heart skip a beat when a couple clothespins broke free and tinkled to the wood floor. She caught Krampus' eye as he spotted them, but Krampus returned his attention to hanging the collection of spanking implements the village parents had gifted him. Liesl wasn't sure if he was just too interested in what he was doing, or if the clothespins falling off didn't count as her being disobedient enough to require another spanking under the laws of

his magic. Finally, she shuffled into the corner, and reflected on the memories Krampus had brought to mind as he counted out each clothespin for her many sins.

Before, she had been too scared by her present situation to think deeply about her past. Now that she had a moment to breathe, she realized she had never prayed and asked God to forgive her, even after she had been spanked by her parents. Many children got spanked, but Liesl was the only girl in the whole village who was naughty enough to fall into the power of Krampus, and she hadn't learned a thing from any of her past spankings from Mutter and Vater. She wished she could go back home, and ask her parents to spank her all over again, if only to be safe and ask for their forgiveness this time. Bowing her head in the corner, she prayed, "God, please help me escape from Krampus! And if I ever get home, please help Mutter and Vater spank me until I learn to never do anything bad ever again! Forgive me for how I have sinned. Amen!"

Krampus hissed as he hung the last of his presents. "Saying your prayers like a good little Christian? Drat! At this rate, I won't be able to spank you all Christmas Day. But you still have to face your real spanking for the night! So many wonderful choices, but I think your Aunt Gertrude's deerskin flapper would make a perfect Christmas Eve present for you!"

Liesl lifted her head from her prayers and twisted her head around to watch, careful not to twist her bottom and risk losing any more clothespins.

Krampus pulled a sturdy wooden bench from underneath a table and set it a few feet from Lisa, so that the short end was facing her. "See this work bench? March towards it! ...Yes! Now, bend over it."

Confused, Lisa lay across the bench, and...Pop! Half of the clothespins flew right off her bottom with a final goodbye pinch! Laughing, Krampus plucked off the remaining pins, and gathered them all into a neat pile. Then he pulled Liesl's nightgown up over her head, and helped her step out of her knickerbockers, leaving her naked as the day she was born. She shivered from the cold, but the little fire had made the shack quite toasty by this time.

Liesl took an opportunity when his back was turned to feel her bottom. A few thick welts from the switching, a fiery rash from the bundles, dozens of little dents in her skin from the clothespins. And on top of it all, she was about to experience "The Flapper" for the first time, which had left large welts that sent cousin Gretchen straight to tears.

Liesl was back to feeling too sorry for her bottom to spare any thoughts on sin and repentance. Just as she noticed looped leather straps attached to the bench on her left and right, Krampus appeared and guided her into position. Liesl dully realized it had been carved by hand to serve two functions: a workbench for a professional carpenter, and a spanking bench for a professional brat.

Liesl lay face down, supporting her head on her hands and elbows, while her entire lower body's weight was supported by the long bench. After fitting Liesl's wrists and ankles into the tight straps, Krampus secured her legs in place with an additional long, single band across the back of her legs. Liesl could bend her legs at the knees slightly, and her bottom felt strangely...relaxed. Liesl had a bad feeling about that little detail. It couldn't be an accident.

"Now, Liesl, Midnight is fast approaching. If you're a good girl, my magic loses its power, and you go back to your parents. If you're a bad girl, you'll spend all of Christmas Day being spanked by me, hopefully much longer! But in either case, for the entire year, if you continue to be a disobedient girl, my magic will let me snatch you away again. Now, what will you do if you manage to escape and go home?"

"I'll obey my parents, and learn to be a good girl," answered Liesl.

"Even if they spank you? You know, even if you manage to get home, you might spend all Christmas getting spanked anyway, by your Mutter and Vater. I overheard them discussing just that when I came to kidnap you! You thought you got away with pulling your pranks yesterday, but your sins have found you out! Plus, it's just the tradition for any child who's been visited by Krampus to get a spanking as their only Christmas present! If you like being a disobedient girl, maybe you'd rather stay with me? I'll spank you too, but you can be as disobedient as you like as long as you're in my shack."

"No. I'd rather go home to Mutter and Vater. They spank me because they love me and want me to grow up to be a good Christian. When I get home, I don't care if they spank me all Christmas. I'll obey, and accept it gladly. I've decided to be a good girl from now on."

"It's easy to say you want to be good now, when you're lying on my spanking bench. What happens when you see a cat you want to tease, or a snowman you want to knock down, or a sweet you want to steal? I think you won't find it so easy to be good then!"

"Well, if I sometimes forget to be good, I hope I get caught and spanked for my naughtiness. Whether you spank me, teacher spanks me, or Mutter and Vater spank

me, I'll deserve it. But they'll teach me to pray and be good, so I'll be safe from you one day."

"Humph! You're no fun! Very well, you're being much too obedient, so we'll have to get this over with. Here, bite down on this stick so you don't bite your tongue by mistake." Liesl felt the stick tickle the bottom of her nose and bit down on it, fiercely.

"You may be the naughtiest little girl I have ever spanked, but you are also the bravest. It's too bad I won't get to celebrate Christmas by spanking you, but at least I can enjoy my Christmas Eve!" With that Krampus swung the flapper across Liesl's right cheek. Liesl clenched her teeth, fresh tears instantly welling up in her eyes.

A realization struck her at the precise same moment the flapper made impact. By not bending her over, Krampus had ensured he had a nice, plump target. Liesl couldn't just feel the leather sinking into the soft doughy mound that was her bottom, she could actually sense the empty hole in the flapper as it impressed a circular imprint smack on the center of her quivering butt cheek.

She was grateful to be strapped down, or she wouldn't have been able to resist the temptation to disobey and clutch her bottom. Just as she felt the large round welt rising on her right cheek, the flapper clapped against her left cheek to produce a matching welt. Liesl seethed, droplets of spit and tears flying. She could feel one of the long, thin welts from the earlier switching intersecting with the large round welts, and the sting seemed to dance across both.

"I will be a good girl!" thought Lisa, her lips mumbling the words against the stick.

The flapper landed across her upper left thigh, raising a welt that was interrupted only by the little fold at the bottom of her bottom. The heavy workbench scootched back and forth as Liesl strained, but held firmly in place. When Krampus landed a matching blow under her right cheek, Liesl's braids came undone and her hair flew wildly as she shook her head. Snot poured out her nose, mixing with the spit and the tears that speckled her hair. Liesl blinked and stared into the fire through her watery eyes.

"I will be a good girl! I will honor my mother!"

The fifth spank from the flapper landed on the left side of her cheek, overlapping with the other two circular welts slightly. The result was a giant welt the shape of a 3-leaf-clover that covered most of her left cheek. Liesl's hands and feet trembled in their restraints.

“I will be a good girl! I will honor my father!”

The sixth spank landed on the center of her right cheek, connecting three welts in a shape more like a lumpy C.

Liesl dug her fingers into the wood of the bench looking for a latch to undo, patting it lightly as though trying to signal a time out in a wrestling match.

“I will be a good girl! I will honor my word!”

The seventh spank landed smack dab on the center of her lower butt crack, raising a massive, watery welt on both her sit spots. Leisl arched her back, hovering her trembling bottom in the air. Her teeth sank into the soft wood of the stick, and she flexed her hands into fists until her knuckles turned white, again and again. Then she relaxed her hands. She settled her weight back down onto the bench. She lay obediently, waiting for another spank. She found herself wanting it. Not for the pain, but for the justice of it.

“This is my just desserts!” she thought, almost sleepily.

But after a long moment, Krampus grumbled and hung the flapper on a hook next to the other implements. “It’s midnight. Christmas Eve has passed! Well, too bad. You were so obedient and repentant, you broke my black magic’s spell.”

Liesl felt the stick drop out of her mouth and realized she had bitten it in two. She felt Krampus undo the straps on her wrists and ankles each in turn. “So, that means if I get home, I have to obey my Mutter and Vater, but now I’m free of your magic, right?”

“Yes! You get to spend Christmas with your family, but remember, they’re going to spank you all Christmas Day, so—” Before Krampus could finish her lecture, Liesl sprang up from the workbench and rushed to the door. Pulling it open, she ran naked out into the snow, ignoring a furious Krampus! Spotting the Christmas lights from the homes in Weiburg, she leapt through the blanket of snow in the right direction, calling for her Mutter and Vater. She didn’t know how far she managed to run, but within seconds the cold bit into her, numbing her flesh and chilling even her fiery backside. Exhausted from her long ordeal, she felt a sleepy blackness envelop her, and collapsed forward into the snow. Behind her, she knew Krampus was in hot pursuit, but dimly, she could hear the voice of Mutter and Vater calling for her. Then she slipped into a cold sleep.

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Liesl awoke, toasty and warm by the fire, dressed in woolen pajamas, bundled in blankets, and under the nearby Christmas tree.

She looked up and found her head nestled in her Vater's chest. "Guut! You're awake! Merry Christmas, Liesl!"

"Vater! Krampus got me! He's real! He took me to see all the parents in the village, and all of them said I needed a good spanking! Then he carried me to his evil shack in the woods and spanked me all night until Christmas Eve ended. But his magic spell broke and I was free, so I made a dash for it!"

Mutter appeared at their side, bearing steaming hot cocoa and Christmas cookies. "We know, Liesl. We found you in the woods before Krampus did and brought you home safe. He can't hurt you anymore now that it's Christmas!"

Liesl hungrily accepted the warm drink and dunked a cookie into it before devouring it. A few crumbs flew out of her mouth. "But Krampus said that if I'm a bad girl, his magic will let him come and claim me again!"

Mutter offered Vater a drink and a cookie before setting the tray down by the fire and enjoying some of her own. "Well, that's true, but we'll help you remember to be a good girl. If you've learned your lesson and say your prayers every night, you'll be safe from Krampus!"

Liesl breathed a sigh of relief, before a twinge from her bottom caused her to stand up with a start. "Yipe!"

Vater caught her before she could spill her drinks, and helped her stand up. "Careful! Don't knock over the tray!"

Mother shielded the tray, then laughed in relief. "Ho ho ho! Oh! My silly little Liesl!"

Liesl undid the buttons on her woolen pajamas and examined her bottom. Sure enough, the spanking from Krampus had been all too real. Liesl frowned. "Too bad! I was hoping it might all have been just a dream!"

Liesl stiffened when she remembered something important. "Did...did Krampus take all my Christmas presents, too?"

Mutter and Vater exchanged a look and nodded. Then Vater stood up and put a comforting hand on Liesl. "Yes, Liesl. I'm afraid you have no Christmas presents. Krampus takes them as payment for his services. And when Santa Claus came last night, he only brought you coal, and left you a letter to encourage you to be a good girl this year so he can put you on the Nice List again."

Liesl's lip trembled. She'd been so preoccupied by the spanking, the other consequences of a visit from Krampus had slipped her mind. "So, there's nothing under the Christmas tree for me?"

Papa gestured to the tree. "I didn't say that, Liesl. Have a look for yourself."

Liesl saw a small stack of wonderful presents for her brothers and sisters, two small gifts each for Mutter and Vater, and leaning against the wall...

Was a bundle of switches wrapped in a neat red ribbon. On it was a note saying "For the Parents of The Naughtiest Girl in Weiburg! –Krampus.

"p.s. I have kept the many wonderful gifts from the villagers in my shed for future use.

"p.p.s. Please inform all parents that they have my permission to make use of them throughout the year, and to write me a letter addressed to the South Pole should my services be required prior to my Christmas Eve Hunt. Schedule permitting."

Liesl trembled as she held the note, and a tear dropped down onto it, smudging the ink. Would she ever be free of Krampus again? Sniffing and holding back tears, Liesl turned back to Mutter and Vater. "Krampus said you were going to spank me on Christmas Day for being a bad girl all year. I promised I would obey even if you did. Are you going to spank me today?"

Mutter and Vater looked down on her stonily. But Vater placed a hand on her shoulder and smiled. "Well, we were planning to spank you today, Liesl, but I think Krampus has spanked you plenty for your bad behavior this year. You are forgiven. But I will not hesitate to take you to Krampus' shed myself if your behavior does not improve this year."

Liesl nodded. "Yes. Please, help me be a good girl, Vater. I never want to see Krampus again!"

The first light of dawn poured through the window, and the rooster crowed. Liesl's little brother and sister enthusiastically ran down stairs, eager for Christmas presents, followed by her older brother and sister, who were pretending to not be every bit as excited.

"Heard all about your visit from Krampus last night," joked her older brother Hans as he slapped her back encouragingly. "Sorry to hear. He visited me when I was almost your age. Never seen him since, though."

Her older sister Johanna gave Liesl a kiss on the forehead. "Yah! I had a visit from Krampus just two years ago! I was eighteen, so I thought I was much too old for a visit from Krampus!"

Mutter's voice chimed in from the kitchen. "You're never too old for a visit from Krampus! Why, he got a hold of me shortly after I married your Vater! I thought I'd never be spanked again after I left my Vater, but it served me right!"

"What are you talking about?" chirped Liesl's younger siblings, the twins Frieda and Frankfort.

Vater put an arm around Liesl's shoulder. "Ah! I think Liesl had better tell you the story herself from the beginning. Liesl, since you've promised to be an obedient girl this year, the first thing I want you to do is explain everything you learned from your visit from Krampus to the twins!"

Liesl heard Hans and Johanna snicker from behind her as they sat down beside the Christmas tree. She wondered what their private joke could be. Then, Vater clapped Liesl lightly on the behind to get her attention. Suddenly, she realized she forgot to rebutton her pajamas, and blushed madly as she fixed them. But not before the twins got an eyeful of what a visit from Krampus did for a naughty girl's bottom.

After Liesl narrated the entire story, adding thrilling sound effects and giving a theatrical performance worthy of Shakespeare, everyone applauded her tale, and it was time for Christmas presents. As she watched everyone but her open their Christmas presents, Liesl felt sadness about her fate, mixed with relief of her rescue, and guilt for her past deeds. After they sat down for a big German breakfast, Liesl felt like she had a rock sitting in her stomach. "Mutter, Vater, are you sure you don't need to spank me all Christmas Day? Krampus said it's the tradition. And weren't you planning to anyway?"

Vater looked at her sadly. "We don't want to spank you, Liesl. We only want you to learn to be good."

Liesl felt her tongue move on its own accord in a furious rush of words. "But didn't Hans and Johanna once get spanked on Christmas Day? I didn't believe in Krampus then, but now that I know he's real, that's why, isn't it? Isn't it only fair that I should get spanked?"

Hans and Johanna both nodded in agreement and held their bottoms at the memory. Hans straightened up and swelled his chest manfully. "Well, I was still being stubborn and disobedient on Christmas Day, Liesl. I needed it. I don't think you have to get spanked the same way I did!"

Johanna bowed her head at the memory of her own Christmas Day spanking. "And when I was spanked on Christmas Day, it was for stealing. I was much naughtier than you back then, Liesl!"

"And I disobeyed my husband and took the Lord's name in vain. I broke one of the Ten Commandments!" explained Mutter, looking at Vater apologetically.

"But I broke one of the Ten Commandments, too! I dishonored my Mother and Father! If you all got the Christmas Day spanking, it's only fair that I get one. Didn't you promise to help me learn to be a good girl? Please, Papa, I think I need the Christmas Spanking!" argued Liesl.

The room went quiet. Vater stood up and hugged Liesl. "You are right, Liesl, and you are a very brave young lady. Very well, you will get the Christmas Day spanking, just like Hans and Johanna and your Mutter before you. Drop your pajama bottoms and come with me to the woodshed for your first spanking of the day. We will use Krampus' present."

Liesl nodded and bit her lip. The argument made sense in her head while she was saying it out loud, but now that her Vater had agreed to it, she felt like kicking herself for using logic. But she felt the love in his embrace, and decided to be brave. "Yes, Vater!"

Following her instructions obediently, Liesl dropped the seat of her pajamas and marched out to the woodshed. Several neighbor kids who were playing outside noticed as she was led on this death march, and their parents waved approvingly. Liesl offered an embarrassed smile in return.

In the woodshed, she bent over a wooden stool. Vater explained that during the first spanking, she should think about what she had done wrong for the previous year.

He didn't spank overly hard, but the birching went on and on for what seemed like hours. This gave Liesl plenty of time to reflect on her long list of misdeeds. They discussed each of them in turn, with Liesl asking her Vater for advice on how to do better and listening to him intently.

"Liesl, you understand that this was only the first of many spankings you will receive today? Now that you've had the first, are you sure you need the full Christmas Day spanking?"

With a freshly birched bottom, Liesl's resolve was starting to waver, but she remembered the terror of Krampus and her promise to herself. "I'm afraid of the spanking, Vater, but I think I need it. It is only just. I'm so sorry, Vater."

"That is very brave, Liesl. But it is I who must apologize to you."

Liesl turned to look at her papa quizzically. "What do you mean? I was the one who was naughty."

"Yes, but I have failed to give you the discipline you needed this year. Your Aunt Gertrude warned me that I had been spoiling you, and I now see that she was right. That all changes starting today. This Christmas Day spanking is the start of a new chapter in your life, Liesl. From now on, I will not hesitate to spank you every day if I must to protect you from going down the wrong path. It breaks my heart, but I will do it because I love you."

Liesl nodded. A tear dropped down her cheek, not from the pain of the birching, but from the love she felt for her father. She was more afraid of letting him down than she could ever be of a spanking, "Yes, Vater. I love you. I promise to obey and accept my spankings like a good girl from now on!"

When Mutter called them in for lunch, Vater instructed Liesl to keep her bare bottom on display since her punishment was not over. Then, he collected another stool from the woodshed Liesl had never seen before. It was covered with small wooden spikes, spaced in rows across the top of the stool. Liesl's eyes widened, and though she guessed what it was for, she didn't dare ask out loud.

Inside, the stool replaced her usual seat at the dinner table. Without her parents even having to ask, Liesl obediently sat on the spiked stool. She gasped and lifted up her bottom, hovering it just above the piercing pyramids. But as she looked into Mutter and Vater's eyes, Liesl knew this was part of the Christmas Day spanking tradition. Squinting her eyes, she rested her weight entirely on the spiked stool. The spikes were not sharp, but they pressed into the welts and her tender flesh, no matter how she shifted her position. Mutter served a delicious Christmas lunch including her favorite dessert of mint pudding, but Liesl ate sparingly. Papa read from the Gospel of Luke as was the family tradition, and she found sitting on the spikes actually helped her focus on the words.

"Now that our Christmas morning is over, you children may all play with your toys. Mutter, it's your turn to handle Liesl's Christmas Day spanking."

Mutter guided Liesl up, and placed the spiked stool in the corner. She brought Liesl up to her room, and instructed her to change into her best Christmas dress. Liesl gasped when her clothes brushed against her bottom, but when she looked at herself in the mirror, Mutter told her she looked beautiful and Liesl's heart warmed.

Then, Mutter collected a pair of leather slippers from Liesl's closet and guided her back downstairs. Liesl had a chance to see her older siblings playing a new puzzle game, while the twins occupied themselves with their toys. Mother settled herself on the sofa and announced that Liesl's second spanking would be carried out in the living room, and the children were welcome to leave and play elsewhere, or to stay in the living room and watch, but only if they paid attention to Liesl's spanking and listened to their Papa read to them from the Bible. At Hans' suggestion, all four agreed to stay and support Liesl.

"Liesl, Papa says you have already talked about your mistakes this year. While I give you your second spanking of the day, I want you to think about the present. I want you to think about all our neighbors and how they agreed that you needed a trip from Krampus. I want you to think about how your bottom feels right now. And I want you to think about your brothers and sisters, the example they've set for you, and the example you're setting for them. If you do that, there will be no need for further lecturing. Will you do that?"

Liesl looked at everyone in the room, thinking about how they were all about to watch and decided that this time, it would be easy to obey. "Yes, Mutter." Mutter beckoned Liesl with a wave of her finger, and Liesl settled across Mutter's knee, her legs dangling on each side, and her head resting on the sofa. Liesl sucked in a sharp breath as the

welt on the center of her sit spot pressed against Mutter's knee, but she fought through it stoically.

After about ten minutes of letting her siblings watch the spanking in silence, Vater decided it was time to read the Bible to pass the time. Mutter continued spanking her with the slipper over her dress for an hour, as Papa continued to read through the Gospel of Luke.

Just as Liesl's arms were getting stiff, Mutter stood Liesl up and instructed her to lift the skirt of her dress. Then she guided Liesl over her other knee, and switched hands, her right arm having grown tired. After another hour of slow, steady spans, a fresh burning sensation covered Liesl's entire bottom. Papa announced that they had read enough for the day, and that he needed to make preparations for the evening. He instructed her siblings to watch Liesl's punishment and think carefully about their own behavior.

The welts screamed at the slightest touch, but she knew the point of this spanking wasn't to bruise or cause fresh pain, but to remind her of what she had already suffered. Looking back at her siblings, Liesl cried fresh tears, thinking of how she had let them down too. She vowed to take her punishment as obediently as possible to at least begin to restore her dignity, but it would be a long process to make amends for her shameful behavior.

"Excuse me, Mutter, it's one o'clock," pointed out Hans.

Mutter nodded and stood Liesl up again. Liesl had to put her hands behind her head as Mutter undid the buttons on her underdress and relieved her of her underclothes. Then Mutter sat back on the sofa, and instructed Liesl to lay on her lap, with her hands and face on the floor, and her legs on the sofa, like when she played wheelbarrow. Liesl understood and complied. As her head rested near the floor, she blushed freshly as her legs dangled in the air. Mother produced both of the leather slippers, and with both hands free, peppered both of Liesl's cheeks with quick spans for another hour, a little harder than before. By the end, Liesl's elbows and shoulders were stiff and trembling, and she actually thought of them more than her bottom.

"Two o'clock. It's time for church, children!" announced Mutter. Vater returned home from preparations. Blessedly, Liesl was spared any more spanking or the embarrassment of a bare bottom during church. However, Pastor Luthor did make a point of announcing that Liesl and her father would be visiting each of the families in Weiburg that afternoon, which was as good as announcing that Liesl was getting a Christmas Day spanking this year. "Remember, no matter what old grudges or

grievances you may have, our Lord taught us to forgive someone not just once, not just seven times, but as many as seventy times seven times for the same offense. Liesl, have you anything to say?"

Blushing, Liesl stood and curtsied awkwardly. "I've sinned against many of you this year. I can't remember them all, but I hope you will forgive me. Tonight, I will have an opportunity to apologize to each of you more properly." She caught a glimpse of Aunt Gertrude nodding at her approvingly, and to her surprise her clumsy apology was met with good-natured cheers and clapping.

Pastor Luthor's sermon was on the Genealogy of Christ in the Gospels, and for the first time in her life Liesl was able to comprehend it and found it interesting. The furious combination of stinging and soreness criss-crossing across her behind like a fireworks display kept her wide awake, but the relief of a rest let her think about things other than her own pain. She knew that whatever pain she must bear, she must bear. A few children and teenagers snickered at her as rumors of the visit from Krampus circulated, but Liesl ignored the cruel comments and jabs, and welcomed the supportive encouragement and polite teasing with laughter. She made sure to personally apologize to Pastor Luthor and some of the children and parents she remembered wronging that year, and her apologies were graciously accepted.

Aunt Gertrude pinched her cheek affectionately. "Don't worry, I'll be seeing you later tonight. You can apologize to me properly then!" Gertrude gave Liesl a second pinch, on the *other* cheek, not one of the ones on her face. Liesl had a sneaking suspicion what her Aunt's words implied.

At home, her bottom was bared again before she was seated on the spiked stool in the corner. The family shared Christmas dinner without her, since being sent to bed without supper was a part of the tradition. Her stomach growled once, but Liesl knew that her parents would never let her starve. She thought of the big breakfast she would eat the next morning, and licked her lips, thanking God for providing her with her daily bread.

After Dinner, Mutter gave the three younger children a bath, scrubbing the twins. At one point, they misbehaved enough that Mutter was forced to pull them both out in turn and spank them with the bath brush. Liesl knew from personal experience that a spanking over a wet, soaked bottom stung more furiously.

"I can't believe you two would misbehave like this on Christmas Day, after watching your big sister suffer the consequences of disobedience. Open your mouths, both of you!" Mutter placed a white bar of soap into Frieda and Frankfort's mouths. They sputtered

and cried, but when Frieda spat hers out, a second round with the bath brush convinced them both to bite down into the soap to keep it firmly in place. "I'll have to ask your Vater to escort both of you to witness the rest of Liesl's Christmas Day spanking tonight! Do you want a visit from Krampus? Hopefully your father will give you both a dose of the same medicine. That will be his decision, but I'd start behaving now if you don't want to make it worse for yourselves."

The twins nodded and shook their heads in turn to answer yes and no to the flurry of questions. As expected, Liesl was instructed to finish washing and bend over the tub. She helped clean up the water splashed by the twins before bending over the edge of the tub, resting her arms on the cool tile floor, and her legs and bottom still submerged in the warm water, which drained slowly. The bath brush struck against her with full force, and the sting was indeed magnified. All the welts and red marks felt fresh and warm from the contact with the hot water, and Liesl cried fresh tears. She looked into her little siblings eyes and saw their fear, and hoped her punishment would teach them to be good before they suffered the same fate. As the last of the water finally drained, Mutter handed Liesl the brush and helped her out of the tub.

"I'm done spanking you for the day, Liesl...Well, except for your bedtime spanking! You've been very brave and obedient so far. Go get dressed in your winter clothes and wait for your father. I'm going to deal with the twins."

Stumbling, hungry, and exhausted, Liesl made her way to her bedroom. Through the thin walls, she could hear the twins each getting a taste of the slipper as she dressed herself in cozy, fur-lined winter clothes. When she emerged from her room, she was greeted by Vater.

"Your Mutter has asked me to bring the twins along and I think that's a good idea. We're going to visit Krampus' shed in the woods. But first, we're going to deliver his message to all the other families in town. You're dressed extra warm, yah?"

"Yes, sir!" Liesl spun around in a pirouette to show off her outfit, but a twinge from her bottom caused her to stumble a bit as she curtsied.

"Guut! But, this is also part of your punishment. We spared you this for church since it would be indecent, but you've wronged many people in town, and you must serve as a warning to all the other children. Therefore..." Vater spun Liesl around, and tucked her thick, woolen pants directly below her bottom. Then he flipped up the tail of her coat and skirt, and buttoned them neatly in the back. Her modesty was preserved in the front,

and she was entirely warm, but Liesl's bare, thoroughly spanked bottom was on full display.

Sniffing and wiping away tears, the twins were released from their room, also dressed warmly with only their bottoms bared.

Johanna and Hans were excused from having to witness any more of Liesl's ordeal, and kissed her warmly before wishing her good luck and a Merry Christmas. Vater guided his three youngest children from door to door, bringing Krampus' message to all the parents. Many simply gave Liesl a knowing look, while others were curious and pestered her with questions.

As was tradition, every single person in the village took the opportunity to give her one good slap on the behind to congratulate her for being rescued from Krampus.

Liesl took every opportunity to apologize to those she had wronged, and warn any children who asked of her fate, first at the hands of Krampus, and now at the hands of her own Vater. Those who held a grudge were given the opportunity to spank her a bit longer, before quickly forgiving her.

"I deserve this. Naughty girls like me get spanked. I will get spanked again tonight, and I hope my Vater does a good job. Obey your parents if you don't want to end up like me." Liesl explained to her cousins, including Gretchen, who was still nursing her own bare bottom, still sore from last night's brief introduction to the flapper and her bedtime spanking.

"Also, I'm sorry for destroying your snowmen. I promise never to do it again, and I hope you can forgive me." All her cousins danced in a circle around her, cheering and promising to forgive her. She even let them touch her bottom gingerly to feel just how hot it was and press the welts.

Last of all, Gretchen came and gave Liesl a hug, her arms brushing against Liesl's throbbing, smarting buttocks. "I'm sorry I didn't want to forgive you before," sobbed Gretchen.

Liesl returned the hug and gently massaged Gretchen's own "war injuries." "We'll get through this. Into each life, a little rain must fall." She gave Cousin Gretchen a playful pat on her rump.

Liesl accepted a “brief” spanking from Aunt Gertrude to apologize for all the trouble she had caused, while Vater discussed politics with Uncle Yosef, each spanking one of the twins to make sure they remembered they were in trouble too. Finally, it was 9 o’clock, and Vater announced they had to be moving along.

Aunt Gertrude let Liesl up from the hand spanking, and shook the sting out of her sturdy hand that was as strong as any hairbrush. “Yes! I can’t take up any more of your Christmas Day. Thank you for the beautiful apology, Liesl. I gladly accept it!” Planting one final playful smack on Liesl’s behind, they kissed and embraced. Everyone wished each other a Merry Christmas.

Vater, Liesl, Frieda, and Frankfurt marched into the woods. Strangely, the trip seemed much shorter now, and the woods no longer held the terror they had the previous night. In the shed, they found all of Krampus’ “tools of the trade” precisely where he left them. Vater lit the fire and explained the last part of the Christmas Day spanking tradition to his children. “Liesl, I have asked you to think about your actions in the past. Your mother has asked you to think about the consequences of your actions in the present. Now, I want you to think about the future. I want you to imagine what it would be like for you to be a good girl for all of next year. Right now, the spanking has already helped you much improve your behavior. But when the pain of your spanking has faded, it will be harder to resist the temptation to sin. But the more you concentrate on becoming a good girl, the easier it becomes to behave like a good Christian girl, without needing to be spanked. Frieda, Frankfurt, you are here because you disobeyed your mother on Christmas Day, so you will get a small taste of what a Christmas Day Spanking is like, right along with Liesl.”

Vater pushed the sturdy woodworking table into the center of the room against the door leaving plenty of room between the table and the fireplace. “All three of you, strip from the waist below. Then bend over the table with your bottoms facing the fire. Rest your knees on the bench, and your elbows on the table.” Liesl obeyed first, then her siblings followed her example.

Liesl saw Frankfurt and Frieda’s eyes widen in horror as they looked over their shoulders. Liesl kept her eyes forward, ready to accept her punishment stoically, knowing every single stroke was necessary.

“We don’t have time to use all of these properly, but I think I will take this opportunity to introduce all of you to the various tools that Krampus has available to him. Hopefully, none of you will ever have to encounter him again. If I have to spank you myself to save you from that demon, I will do so joyfully!”

Starting with the willow cane, he planted six strokes with each implement across each bare bottom presented to him. For Liesl, the pain had started to run together into a dull ache. The cool air had numbed her cheeks slightly, with the warm fire gradually restoring feeling. She thought carefully about the sensation of each implement, and how they differed, making mental notes on how to avoid them in the future. For Liesl, it was almost scientific. No longer afraid, she accepted the strokes of the cane with a sort of fresh interest. But Frieda and Frankfurt's relatively tame spankings had been just enough to warm them up for the grand finale.

The cane left six angry lines, adding fresh welts on top of Liesl's already extensive collection. Vater was careful to control his strength. When he was a boy, a caning would easily draw blood, but he knew that Liesl needed to be shown some mercy despite the need to carry out her sentence in full. Without taking it too easy on her, he ensured that her bottom would at least be able to recover in a few days rather than a few weeks.

The tawse, belt, and razor strap all produced a similar sensation, leaving swollen red marks on top of their welts. Running out of space to spank on their bottoms, he concentrated more attention on their lower and inner thighs, starting with the riding crop, the carpet beater, and then the tightly woven cord to land fresh welts that wrapped all the way around their legs and bottoms.

As he retrieved the wooden paddle, he ordered them to change position and put their feet on the ground in a wide stance with their hands on the table. Sure enough, the paddle rocked them forward, almost sending them over the table, so the strong stances were necessary. Liesl thought about how it could easily have left bruises if her father were not so kind, loving, and merciful.

Vater hung the paddle in place. "We have used every implement, except for Krampus' own famous bundle. Liesl, did you make this one?"

"I did, Vater!"

"You did excellent work. Frankfurt, Frieda, I will spare you Krampus' birches. I think he'd prefer to introduce you to them personally, if you don't improve your behavior. Liesl, I will finish your spanking with this today. Come away from the table, stand up straight, then bend forward slowly and grab your ankles."

As she complied, Liesl felt the hot fire prickling against her legs and buttocks. The birches landed on her lower cheeks, then moved downward, until the angry flame pattern left by the birch stretched across her thighs and calves.

Vater hung the birch bundle. "It is 11 o'clock. Time to take Liesl home for her bedtime spanking! Christmas isn't over, but the worst is behind you now!"

Liesl had finally joined her brother and sister in shedding tears, and everyone shared a kiss and a group hug.

Finally they were allowed to cover their behinds, but after all the punishment they had experienced, even the touch of their clothing felt like a fresh spanking all by itself.

Vater leaned close to his repentant, formerly wicked daughter and whispered in her ear. "Can you walk, Liesl?"

Liesl giggled. "Yes, Vater. You didn't take it easy on me, did you?"

"No, Liesl. I tried to be thorough, but the point is to teach you. Gentle discipline is still good discipline. Even so, I was afraid after all this spanking, you would be in no condition to move."

As she stepped forward, Liesl's resolve started to waver. "It hurts every step I take, but I don't think there are any bruises or cuts. Thank you, Papa. I know it must be hard to control your strength like that."

"Well, I'm more than strong enough to spank you when you're naughty, and to help you when you're on the road to repentance." With that, Vater scooped Liesl up and carried her home. Frieda and Frankfurt whined about wanting to be carried to, but Vater warned them that he'd carry them after they had endured a Christmas Day Spanking just like Liesl. He congratulated her on the courage and determination she had shown throughout the day.

At home, Liesl changed into fresh pajamas, a green and white nightgown decorated with candy canes with matching bloomers, thinking about how this Christmas day had been the longest and most memorable in her life, and how if she had the chance to do it all over again, she still would have asked for her Christmas Day Spanking all over again.

At a knock on her door, welcomed her entire family into her room. She sat on a pillow on her bed, which did almost nothing to relieve the omnipresent, continual ache. Starting with the twins, she apologized to them for her behavior, and after they had accepted her apology, Liesl turned and rested her stomach on the pillow. Following

Mutter and Vater's guidance, the twins lightly pulled down Liesl's bloomers, which revealed a red bottom sparkling like a Christmas tree against the green trimming. Christmas stars seemed to radiate from it!

Then, the twins each delivered twenty hand spans to each of Liesl's cheeks.

Not bothering to pull up her pants, Liesl sat up, and repeated the entire process with Johanna, Hans, Mutter, and Vater. When Vater landed the last spank of the long, hard Christmas Day, Liesl was so exhausted, she couldn't move to pull up her pants or lift herself from the bed. Gently, her parents guided her back onto her bed, and laid her down on her stomach. She flinched when she felt the blanket touch her bottom, so Mutter arranged it neatly, so that she was tucked in with two blankets, one covering her upper torso, one covering her legs, but her bottom uncovered and undisturbed. "Sank you, Mutter," muttered Liesl, half asleep.

Everyone planted a goodnight kiss on Liesl's forehead, nose, or cheek, promising to pray for her. As the door closed, Liesl prayed to God to thank him for saving her from Krampus and returning her safely home to her family. She thought of the true meaning of Christmas, and thanked God for forgiving her sins, before drifting off to a deep, peaceful sleep undisturbed by dreams.

The Christmas Day Spanking was the most memorable, and beautiful Christmas present Liesl could have ever received! From that day forward, Liesl was a changed person. No longer a naughty girl, she began to grow into a good woman. She started listening to her parents, showing respect, and being kind to others. She helped with household chores and did not repeat her grievous mistakes.

Of course, there were still times she forgot to behave and needed to be spanked, but her parents noticed the change in her attitude and encouraged her efforts. The village, too, observed her transformation and embraced her as a polite and caring young girl. Krampus found no excuse to visit Liesl for the entire year, or ever again for that matter.

As the years passed, Liesl grew into a kind-hearted and considerate woman. She carried the lessons she had learned from Krampus and her parents throughout her life, always remembering that the consequences of her actions could bring both joy and pain.

And so, the tale of Liesl, the once-disobedient girl who encountered Krampus, serves as a reminder to us all that a sore bottom can lead to a repentant heart, and a repentant heart leads to a changed life.

The End

[Author's note: this was one of my earliest spanking stories, when I was still using ChatGPT to help me write extensively. I rewrote and added extensively to the "rough draft" I produced with ChatGPT to produce this final draft myself.]